

Paul. What (Souveraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Services
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may last to answere.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Hauwe pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As she liu'd peerlesse,
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleene
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Lowely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?

Leo. Her naturall Posture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seemes.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence.
Which lets goe-by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her
As she liu'd now.

Leo. As now she might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,
Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warmed Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which ha's
My Euils coniu'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And giue me leaue,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse.

Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd-on,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Toy
Did euer so long line; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre
To take-off so much griefe from you, as he
Will peece vp in himselfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the fight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

It'd not haue shew'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues.

Leo. Let be, let be:

Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.

(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)

Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily beare blood?

Pol. Masterly done:

The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.

Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. He draw the Curtaine:

My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
Hee'll thinke anon it liues.

Leo. Oh sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:
No fetted Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let's alone.

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

Leo. Doe *Paulina*:

For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kisse her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:

The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'll marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne
With Oyle Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

Leo. No: not these twentie yeeres.

Perd. So long could I

Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,

Quit presently the Chappell, or resolute you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
He'll make the Statue moue indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll thinke
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie
To make her speake, as moue.

Paul. It is requir'd

You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed:

No foot shall stirre.

Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike:

'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:
He'll fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your nummesse: (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue the stirre:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is she become the Suitor?

Leo. Oh, she's warme:

If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Law

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,

If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,

Or how stolne from the dead?

Paul. That she is liuing,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old Tale: but it appeares she liues,

Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:

Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,

And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,

Our *Perdita* is found.

Hic. You Gods looke downe,

And from your sacred Viols poure your graces

Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)

Where hast thou bin prefer'd? Where liu'd? How found

Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I

Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle

Gaue hope thou wast in being, haue prefer'd

My selfe, to see the yssue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,

Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble

Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together

Your precious winners all: your exultation

Partake to euery one

Will wing me to fo

My Mate (that's ne

Lament, till I am lo

Leo. O peace *Pa*

Thou shouldst a hus

As I by thine a Wit

And made between

But how, is to be q

(As I thought) dea

A prayer vpon her

(For him, I partly

An honourable hus

And take her by the

Is richly noted: and

By Vs, a paire of Ki

What? looke vpon

That ere I put betw

My ill suspition: Th

And Sonne vnto the

Is troth-plight to y

Leade vs from hence

Each one demand,

Perform'd in this w

We were differenc

The Names of the A&

Leontes, King of Sicillia.

Amallus, young Prince of Sicillia.

Camillo.

Antigonus.

Cleomines.

Dion.

Hermione, Queene to *Leontes*.

Perdita, Daughter to *Leontes* and *Hermione*.

Paulina, wife to *Antigonus*.

Emilia, a Lady.

Polixenes, King of B

Florizell, Prince of B

Old Shepheard, rep

Clowne, his Sonne.

Autolycus, a Rogue.

Archidamus, a Lord

Other Lords, and G

Shepheards, and Shep

